

A Satyr against Whoring,

In Answer to a

Satyr against Marriage.

SLaves to Debauchery and Lustful Rage,
That drein the Streets and prostitute the Stage,
Begot in heat of Lust on Hackney Whores,
Souls wrapt in Excrements of common Shoars.

Standing for patterns, 'fore the Limners Eye
To draw the Lustful God Priapus by.
Pox take 'em all! This Curse I doubt's too late,
It long has been, 'tis like, your Whoring Fate;
Then all the Curses ever Sodom knew,
Or pocky Jilts, light on your Race and You;
Inflam'd by Lust, may you with Passion move,
And have the Pox return'd instead of Love;
May you with stinking Breaths pass Unador'd,
And Breath a fulsome Clap at every Word;
May Dreams disturb by Night, and Whores by Day,
And Ravenous Shankers eat your Flesh away;
May Sores without, and Fervent Heat within,
Consume and waft away your Loathsome Skin;
May you be so debauch'd, so vilely Lewd,
'Till grown so great, Lust cannot be Reliev'd;
'Till one sad Ach expels another pain,
And Claps in Circles meet with Claps again;
'Till Stone, and Gout, and Stranguries contend,
Which to Old-Nick your Lustful Soul shall send;
Haulting may you in Lifes dull Journey go,
Condemn'd to Stews above, and Hell below;
May Bawling Bawds about your dwellings roame,
And all your Spurious Issue haunt your home.

Having

Having spent all your Wealth in Leachery,
 May you unpitied on a Dunghil die;
 May all these Curses, and ten thousand more
 Then all the Angry Gods have in their Store,
 Light on you; then may Darted Vengeance come,
 With hoorded Bolts of Wrath to raise your Tomb.
 Gods! why o'er Nature did you take such Care,
 In making Women exquisitely Fair?
 Why build you dazling Altars like the Skies,
 And do provide no better Votaries
 Then men? Lascivious men! whose Lustful frown
 Spoils all that's fair, and pulls what's Sacred down;
 Will all enjoy, and Married be to none,
 Though Nature dictates only to use one:
 In broken Language Beasts by pairs do prate,
 The cooing Dove bills but his Single Mate;
 But man, unbounded man! Attempts all ill,
 His Lust is grown as Boundless as his Will;
 That Name call'd *Husband* is of Terror full,
 The State Uneasie, Melancholy, Dull;
 The Kennel, Kitchin, Oyster, rampant Whore;
 Before a Wife, 's the Creature they Adore,
 What Sor would Wander that has by his Side
 The Powerful Charms of a Smiling Bride,
 Cool as the coldest Night, and Chaster far
 Then *Anchorets* or *Veil'd Virgins* are;
 Whose equal Love, do's equal Heat inspire,
 Prompted by Kindness, not a base Desire;
 In whose Embrace, gladly pass away
 Whole tedious years in but one *hazy* day;
 Fate Favours him, that makes him spend his Life,
 Doom'd to those *Golden Chains*, to please a *Wife*.

London, Printed for J. Greenwood.